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# Sweet Jenny of the Moor

Author Unknown

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# SWEET JENNY OF THE MOOR.

H. Disley. Printer, 57, High-street, St. Giles.

ONE morn, for recreation, as I strayed by the sea-side,  
The sun was gently rising, bedeck'd in all his pride,  
I beheld a lovely maiden sitting at a cottage door,  
With roses blooming on her cheeks, sweet Jenny of the  
Moor.

I stood in contemplation as I viewed each charming scene,  
And fill'd with admiration, as if some fairy dream:  
Enchanted by this fair one as she walked along the shore,  
Gathering of sea weeds was sweet Jenny of the Moor.

I said, "my pretty fair one, why so early do you rise?  
"I love to breathe the morning air, when the larks-soars  
in the skies,  
This spot is sweet to wander by, tho' the breakers often roar  
And wakes the bosom of the deep, says, sweet Jenny of  
the Moor.

We both sat down together, by a pleasant shady side,  
I said, "my dear with your consent, I'll make you my bride  
I've plenty at my own command, brought from a foreign  
shore,  
For proud's the man that wins the hand of sweet Jenny of  
the Moor."

"I have a true-love of my own, tho' long he's been away  
And true I'll be to him while he is on the sea;  
His vows were fondly spoken when we parted at the door,  
I will wait till his return, says, sweet Jenny of the Moor.

"Oh, if your love is a sailor, pray, tell me now his name?  
"His name is Dennis Ryan from Newry town he came,  
With laurels I'll entwine him, when he returns on shore,  
We'll join our hands in wedlock's bands, says Jenny of the  
Moor.

If Dennis was your own true-love, I know him very well,  
Whilst fighting at the Alma by an angry ball he fell;  
Behold this true-love token, which upon his hand he wore,  
She fell and fainted in his arms, sweet Jenny of the Moor.

"Since you have proved so kind and true, look up, my girl,  
I cried,  
Behold, it is your Dennis, now standing by your side,  
Let us be united and live happy on this shore,  
The bells shall merrily ring my love, I'll go to sea no more